

THE COMPROMISE

By GLADYS P. ANDERSEN.

Mrs. Adams was making preparations for the noon meal when the door opened quickly and a girl about sixteen rushed in, quite out of breath.

"I'm here at last, mother."

Mrs. Adams glanced up from her work. "I was calling Vivian," she said.

"Why, mother, I am Vivian." The girl threw back her curly head and laughed merrily. "Won't you ever be able to tell us twins apart?"

"I thought by the way you came in through the door 'twas Virginia. She always comes in like a shot from a gun. Where have you girls been?"

"Down by the river. The wind blew so we did not hear you when you first called."

"Well," said Mrs. Adams, "Miss Emery has just been here and invited both of you girls to her musicale next Wednesday evening."

"She said it was going to be just grand. Professor West, who has just returned from France, is going to sing. He is Sergeant West now, you know."

"You said she invited us both?" Vivian gasped.

"Yes, dear, and I am afraid you will have a hard time deciding," her mother answered.

"There's nothing to decide, it's Virginia's turn. I went to the musicale last month, you know. Oh, how I wish we had more than one best dress!" she exclaimed passionately.

It was not until Wednesday morning that Vivian appeared to cheer up somewhat. She had a consultation with her mother, who interrupted her by exclaiming, "It will never do. Of course there's no harm in it, but if you get into any trouble, don't blame anyone but yourselves."

"No one will ever know about it," responded Vivian confidently.

"I'll go down to the village now and call at Mrs. Blake's. I know she will be willing."

Mrs. Blake lived across from Miss Emery's, and she received Vivian cordially.

That evening, Virginia, in her pink silk muslin that belonged to her and her sister jointly, went timidly up the path leading to the Emery home, feeling very happy.

Miss Emery, in beautiful brocaded silk, was passing through the hall when Virginia was shown in by the butler.

"Which one is it?" she asked. "I'm sorry you both couldn't have come." Virginia was placed where she could see everyone who played or sang. Then she gave herself up to enjoyment. She watched Sergeant West eagerly. It was only in dreams that she had ever heard such tones.

Sergeant West saw her and met the vivid glance of her eyes.

He turned to his hostess and said, "Can that young lady sing?"

"Indeed she can," answered Miss Emery proudly.

The next moment Virginia felt a hand on her shoulder. She looked admiringly into Sergeant West's face.

"Will you sing for me?" he asked.

"I will play for you and you may sing what you please. Are you willing?"

"I'll try," she answered shyly.

It was nearly an hour later that Sergeant West again remembered the girl.

"I want you to sing once more," he said. "I have a plan. You have a voice, and with teaching, you could become a singer. Perhaps I can arrange to give you a couple of hours each week."

"I'm afraid I am a bit timid," said the girl. "but since you ask me I will try."

He was sorry for her as she stood by the piano. Her face was very white, and her lips almost stiff.

"Have courage," said the singer. "You did so well before."

The accompaniment began; but when an untutored, but rich contralto voice commenced the song there was a sudden discord among the keys of the piano, and Sergeant West wheeled about and stared at the trembling girl beside him. "What does it mean?" cried the artist.

"It cannot be possible that this girl has two distinct singing voices, one very high and the other very low."

The girl at whom everyone was now looking, tried twice to speak before she could say a word. Then she stammered, "I—I am the other twin if you please, str."

"You are not the one that sang first?" she asked.

"No, sir, that was my sister, Virginia. It was her turn with our dress."

Vivian stammered, then was silent. One half-hour before, Virginia had slipped out unobserved and met her sister at Mrs. Blake's. In their hurry in exchanging gowns, Virginia had not told her sister she had been obliged to sing.

The next morning Sergeant West returned to New York. While he was waiting for his train, he saw two girls in plain gingham gowns, hurrying down the road. It was Virginia that spoke for both.

"Sergeant West, we could not help coming to see you off—and to thank you."

Happiness shone in two pair of eyes when he answered, "I shall not forget the lessons I am to give you when I return next month."

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MOST FRAGRANT OF FLOWERS

Baltimore Admirer Declares the Breath of the Lilac Stands Unmatched for Sweetness.

When the lilacs breathe, odors of Araby become fetid and astringent in comparison. When the lilacs breathe, their odorous breath carries the fragrance of the distillation of a generation of life and love that they have gathered to themselves, where they have bloomed by the garden wall or against the porch pillar. The old home—wonderful in the vividness of its memories and associations—is created by the picturing of beauty and tenderness that the fragrance of the blossoming lilacs brings to the mind. One sees the path through the garden winding down to the clump of lilacs. The faces of other days are framed in the pictures that fancy creates through the magic of the lilacs.

The panicles of bloom are in full flower and the blooms will be hailed with joy by the multitudes who have in their feelings the sentiments to which lilacs appeal. They are a meditative and reflective kind of flower. They come so quietly in the spring. They bloom forth so abundantly and magnificently. They sing their concert to the airs of April and cause the four winds of the heavens to become their survivors to the joy of mankind.

The lilacs are the softest and most persuasive of all tints, those of lavender and purple, with some of driven whiteness. How wonderful their beauty, the assembling of the blossoms and their disposition upon the branch! How full of art! How exquisitely Dresden is the lilac as it swings in the breeze! And every lilac bush is a product of years of growth, and that growth goes on perennially until one and another generation is laid beneath the sod, and the lilac has been entrusted with the cherished memories of youth and maturity and age—passed out of life.—Baltimore American.

INTRODUCES DRUG IN LUNGS

French Physician's Method of Administering Chloroform Said to Be Pronounced Success.

A new method of administering chloroform, brought out in France by Dr. Guisez, is described in the Scientific American. The doctor no longer applies the drug by the usual compress or mask placed over the mouth, but introduces the chloroform vapor directly into the lungs through a tube running into the windpipe. The tube method has already been employed in several hundred cases, and with great success. Besides being very useful for operations to be performed on the head and neck, it is of great interest because it never produces nausea.

The effects of the new method will serve to explain the reasons why chloroform operations always produced nausea when operating by the former method, for it appears evident that the nausea was caused by a part of the chloroform vapors being absorbed by the oesophagus and the stomach.

Average Intelligence.

There have been a number of reports about the results of the psychological tests in the army which are not particularly encouraging. Of course it is all very well to find that more than half of those taken in the draft were of an average or of a higher intelligence and that four out of every 100 were of a "very superior" intelligence and eight to ten out of every 100 of "superior" intelligence. This will probably average up higher than what would be secured in any European country, but the fly in the ointment is the high relative percentage of those who are "below average" intelligence, or of an "inferior" intelligence or are "very inferior," with several grades and degrees even below the "very inferior."

Nelson's Victory Cups.

Recognition of the English "silent navy" which did so much to win the war has come in the presentation of two communion cups to the Royal Naval Barracks church of Portsmouth, England. These cups were used in Nelson's flagship Victory in the battle of Trafalgar. Thus the glory that was England's in the earlier days joins hands with the glory of the present, and the spirit of Nelson is linked with the spirits of the brave men who stood by in all the long months of the North sea vigil. Nine years ago these cups were given to a church in Glasgow. The widow of the rector of this parish now gives them to the navy as the most fitting holder of the goblets, which were made about 1800.

Misunderstanding.

"The Germans are always being misunderstood, and this misunderstanding is always to the poor fellows' disadvantage."

The speaker was Adolph Junck, the millionaire dye importer of Duluth. "I know a German motorist," he went on, "who arrived one June evening at a crowded country road house. When the clerk told him the house was full, he said desperately:

"Can't you at least give me a bundle of hay somewhere?"

"There ain't a thing left, mister," said the clerk, "but a bit of cold mutton stew."

New Substitute for Oil.

A factory has been started in Sweden for extracting oil from schist, thus adding one more to the number of substitutes already on the market. Large quantities of alum schist are found in the district, yielding benzine and crude oils.

UNAWARE

By AGNES G. BROGAN.

Barris sat before a confused litter of papers, and passed his hand in troubled fashion over his forehead.

Allan Barris was a playwright, as well as manager of various departments connected with that work. His ambition was to present a new and truly great actress—one of his original plays. That she gave no promise of fulfillment. Matter-of-fact affairs continued to claim his time.

Here, amid the litter, were pitiful letters, bearing work of almost every kind—the of confident would-be "stars" found it necessary to ignore. The city seemed to be filled with inexperienced girls certain of their own histrionic ability.

Here was one, from a young woman who had at first written in the enthusiasm of sure success, asking for a certain part in one of his prominent plays. "Though she was unfamiliar with theatrical work," she frankly confessed, "she knew that she could portray his character of 'Normand' faithfully." Her request for a personal interview and trial had been ignored.

The second letter which came from the aspirant was decidedly humble; she would be glad of "a few speaking lines."

The next appeal was for an interview only, and the last, which claimed Allan Barris' amused attention, was for office work of any kind which he could give her. She had suffered "strange misfortune," she wrote, and her need was great.

The appeal touched him, not so much by its pathos as by its cheerful persistence. He wrote the girl, asking her to call upon the following day, and he had almost forgotten his indulgence when she was announced.

In his mind, Barris pictured his frank applicant as a glowing creature garbed in popularly approved fashion. Instead, it was a small gray-clad figure which awaited diffidently his invitation from the doorway. The gray dress was softly clinging, with a quaint kerchief about her shoulders, and it was the girl's shy, glancing purple eyes which first impressed him.

She had spoken advisedly, she was "unusually good looking"—"unusual" was the word.

"Can you do stenography and type-writing?" he asked.

The girl sadly shook her head.

"If you could give me other things at first, I would learn that later," she spoke in a sort of soft eagerness.

"Heretofore, I had no opportunity of learning. My life was—all ease." She caught her breath tremulously and threw out her hands in a hopeless gesture. The wistful eyes were misty with tears.

"Everything changed for me in one moment. That was the strange, hard part of it."

Quickly she brushed the tears from her eyes and leaned toward Barris.

"Can you believe me," she asked, "that I have now between me and starvation just twenty-five cents?"

At his astonished stare, she smiled suddenly, very bravely. Barris thought, "If only I give me some work to do at once that part of the trouble will soon be disposed of," she told him.

The busy man, whose sympathy and anxiety were usually bound up in his own intricate work, found himself moved now as he had never been before to pity and admiration. The girl's sincerity could not be doubted; her plucky willingness to work herself out of a discouraging situation won his immediate championship.

"You might begin," he suggested, "by answering that irritating telephone; use your judgment as to whether response upon my part is imperative, or may be postponed. I'm maddeningly busy."

The girl, her hat swiftly removed, was already at the telephone.

Barris noted approvingly the soft arrangement of her hair, in keeping some way with the trim gray frock and serious eyes. For a time he was not disturbed by the telephone, continuing his dictation to an observant young woman typist. Subconsciously, at last, he sensed the stranger's troubled gaze in his direction. Mutely, she seemed to be signaling his help.

Barris abruptly dismissed his stenographer and turned to answer the girl's silent appeal. Her eyes, as he looked down upon her, were darkly tragic.

"I must go," she said, breathlessly. "I must leave you; and, oh, I did so want to stay—my first chance—and the crying need for money—"

Her voice broke in its despair.

Again Barris was moved, deeply; the secret, the mystery of her unwillingly gripped him.

"Explain yourself," he said tersely. "Are you, after all, an impostor or an innocent mistakenly enduring some trouble?"

He was surprised at his own emotions.

"I ask, because I honestly wish to help you," he added gently.

The little gray figure came close. The girl held out imploring hands. Into the purple eyes came a laughing gleam of triumph.

"Thanks," she said. "Your own belief in my acting is the surest proof of its success. I told you that I could do it. For the past hour I have been your 'Normand,' and you have forgotten her in me."

And so it happened that Allan Barris realized his dream, presenting a new and truly great actress in one of his original plays.

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P. L. J. KRAUSE, DENTIST

McDonald Bank Bldg.

Phone 97.

ATTENTION

Auto Drivers, Bicycle and Motorcycle Riders.

1. You must not exceed a speed of 12 miles an hour.
 2. You must not use an auto with the muffler open.
 3. You must not pass another car at night without dimming your headlights.
 4. You must not go around another car at the intersections.
 5. Minors under 16 years must not drive motor cars.
 6. Blowing horns continuously and for fun day or night must be stopped.
 7. Always keep to the right.
 8. You must not obstruct traffic by stopping cars on Dewey street when another car is nearer the curb.
 9. Bicycle riders must keep off the sidewalk except in very muddy weather.
 10. Pedestrians must not jayhawk across the streets.
- Violators of the Vehicle and Motor Laws will be stringently dealt with.
- S. C. MECOMBER,
Chief of Police.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

We, the undersigned dentists of North Platte, will close our offices every Thursday afternoon until October 1st, 1919.

Signed:

H. C. BROCK,
A. L. LANE,
D. E. MORRILL,
L. J. KRAUSE,
H. E. MITCHELL,
O. H. CRESSLER,
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Office Phone 340 Res. Black 376

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Osteopathic Physician

Belton Bldg. North Platte, Neb.

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DR. HAROLD A. FENNER

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Phones: Office 333, Res. Red 856.

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HERSHEY, NEBRASKA.

Legal Notice.

Harmon Albert Surber will take notice that Dora Frances Surber, as plaintiff, commenced an action in the District Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, on April 16, 1919, against you as defendant, the object and prayer of said action being to obtain a divorce from you, the said defendant, on the grounds of extreme cruelty and gross, wanton and cruel desertion.

You are required to answer said petition on or before the 27th day of October, 1919.

DORA FRANCES SURBER, Plaintiff.

51610

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior.

U. S. Land Office at Broken Bow, Nebraska, September 19, 1919.

Notice is hereby given that Nelson D. Wells, of North Platte, Nebraska, who on April 8, 1916, made homestead entry North Platte No. 06342, Broken Bow, No. 011901, of the W½ NW¼, Section 26, Township 12 North, Range 31 West of 6th Principal Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three-year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before W. H. C. Woodhurst, United States Commissioner, at North Platte, Nebraska, on the 8th day of November, 1919.

Claimant names as witnesses: Stephen W. McDermott, O. L. Watkins, Carl Braeder, R. S. L. Voss, all of North Platte, Nebraska.

MACK C. WARRINGTON, Register.

Notice of Final Report

Estate No. 1602 of Alma B. Sims, deceased, in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.

The State of Nebraska, to all persons interested in said estate take notice that the Administrator has filed a final account and report of his administration and a petition for final settlement and discharge as such which have been set for hearing before said court on October 17, 1919, at 9 o'clock a. m., when you may appear and contest the same.

Dated August 19, 1919.

(SEAL) WM. H. C. WOODHURST, s23010 County Judge.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the District Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.

August Schmidt, Plaintiff.

vs.

Leo J. Lucey, Barton B. Baker, Eleanor Baker, his wife, First National Bank of Lexington, Nebraska, Defendants.

Notice to Non-Resident Defendant.

Leo J. Lucey will take notice that on the 29th day of July, 1919, August Schmidt, plaintiff herein, filed